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Pertelote | Sixth Edition, Fall 1982

Jacksonville State University

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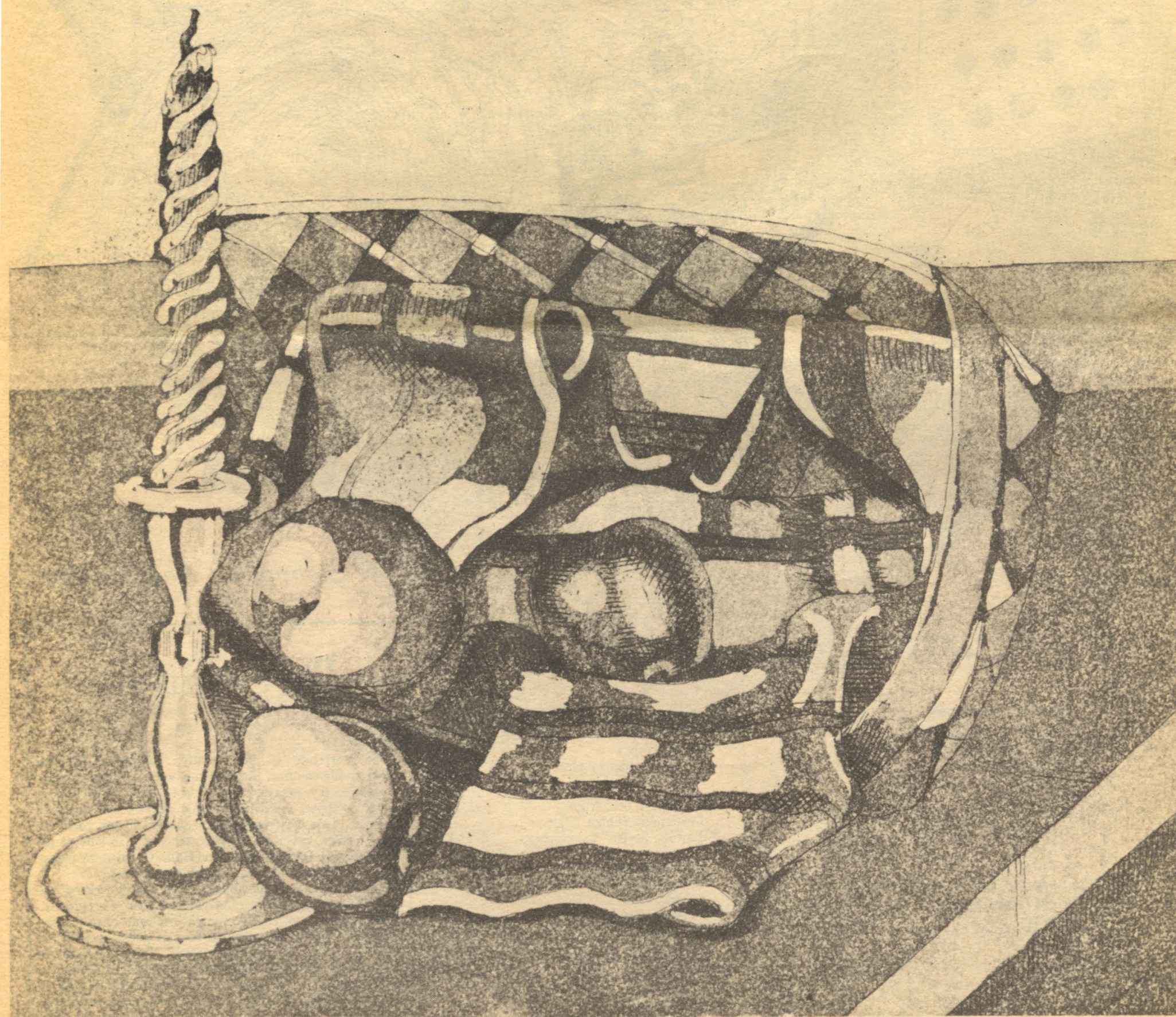
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Pertelote

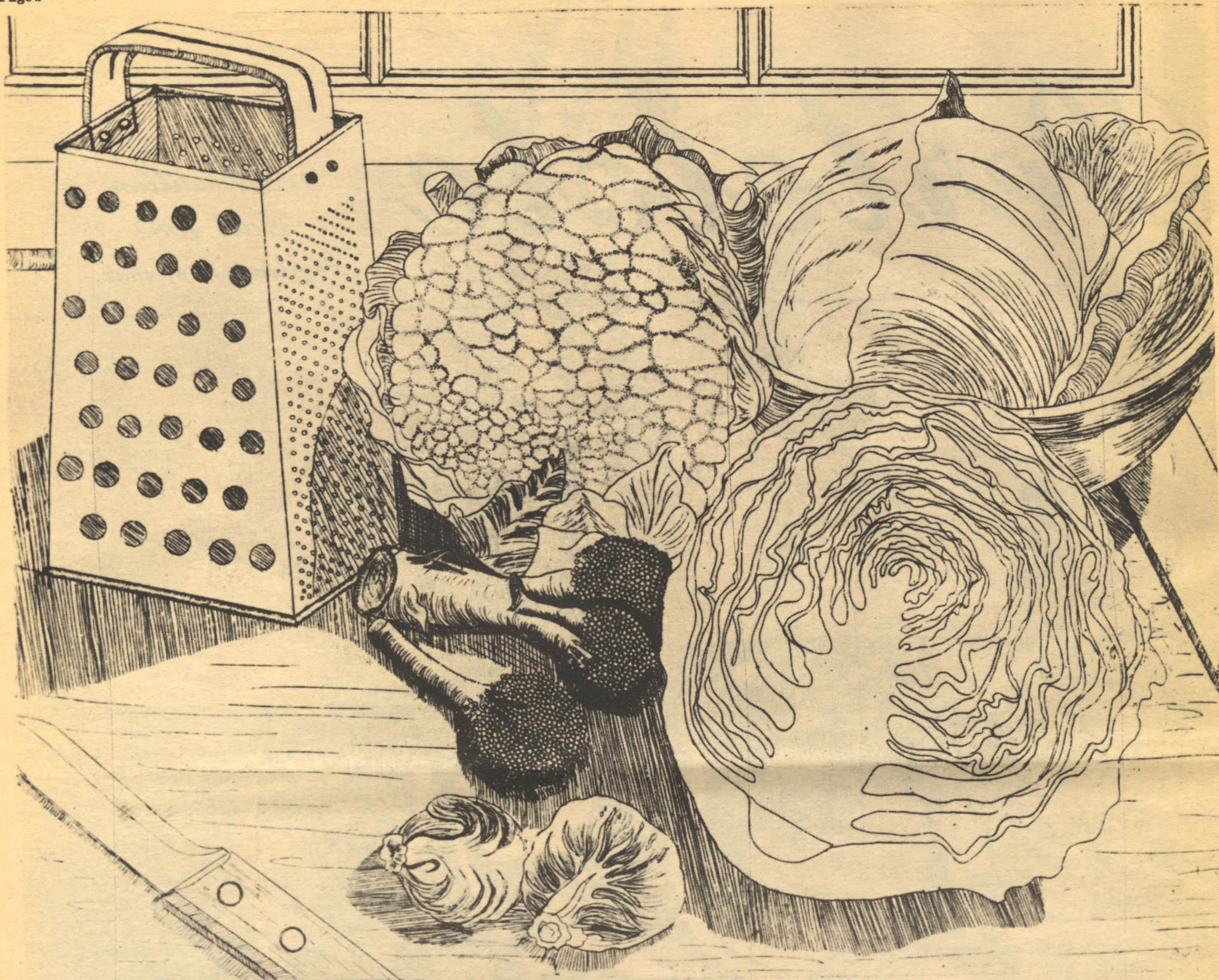
Sixth Edition

Fall 1982

September 16, 1982



Etching by Debra Dial



Etching by Angela Rose

Journey at dusk

By SUSAN KINGHORN

Sewage farm, poplars,
Cottages, cabbages,
Haystacks,
Caravan,
Pylon,
Geese.
- Sky is silver.

Factory, washing-lines,
Breeze blocks, oil drums,
Doll's pram,
Football match,
Slag heap,
Lawn.
- Sky is watery yellow.

Straw bales, hawthorn,
Glasshouse, poultry farm,
Dung pile,

Bridle path,
Jackdaws,
Pond.
- Sky is coppery pink.

Scrapyard, coal truck
Monument, rubber tires,
Bowling green,

Cooling tower,
Milk crates,
Gorse
- Sky is pigeon grey.

Tractor, racehorse,
Poppy field, pig-pens,
Brambles,
Riverbank,
Stone walls,
Sheep.
- Sky is navy blue.

Be creative

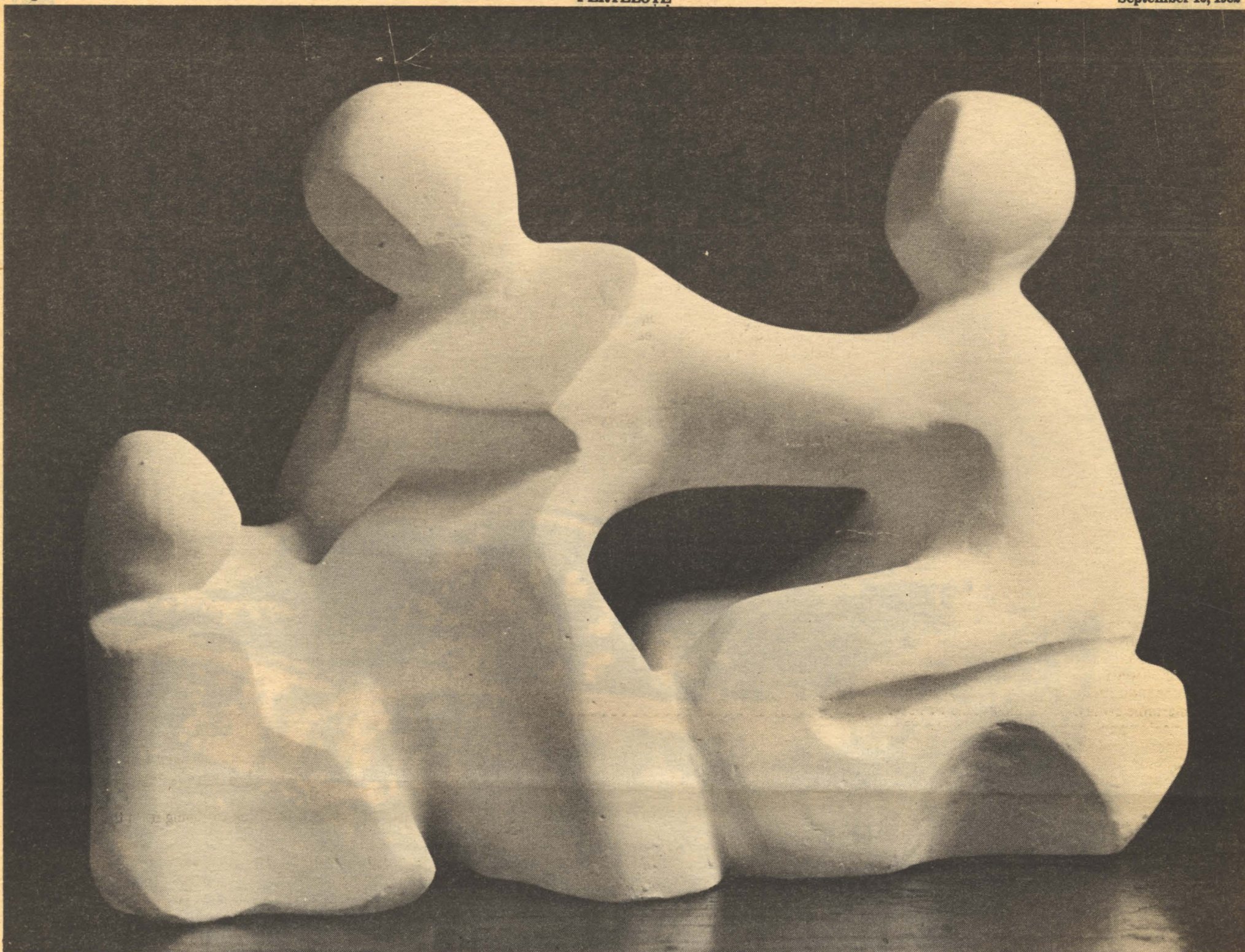
The Pertelote is the creative magazine for the Jacksonville campus. Anyone may submit work—creative stories, poetry, essays, plays, or art work. Written work should be typed and double-spaced with at least one inch margins. This work may be turned in to Dr. Cox, room 215 Stone Center, or to any English teacher. To submit art work, see Dr. Burn in Hammond Hall. On all work please print your name, address, and phone number.

For those students specifically interested in writing, the JSU Writers Club is beginning a second year of programs. The club will meet twice a month this year—once to read members' works and once to hear a guest speaker on various topics concerning writing. This semester's programs include Dr. Robert Felgar, published author, to speak September 22. Other programs will be offered on teaching creative writing and writing dialogues and plays. For further information about the club, please see Dr. Clyde Cox. Meeting times will be posted in the Chanticleer.

LORI TATE, Editor



Racu Pottery by Paula Vreatt



Art by Donald Stevens

Observations

By R. STACY MCCAIN

SHE'S GOT A BOYFRIEND. . .

Having recently broken off diplomatic relations with my girlfriend, I find that I am once again hearing the words that strike terror into the heart of any would-be Romeo. It's phenomenal. Scattered across Jacksonville and parts of the greater Southeast are literally thousands of devoted, faithful boyfriends, living lives of abstinence and solitude while their girlfriends dance with strangers at Drayton's. Why?

Convenience. The boy-back-home syndrome is the perfect utensil for the girl seeking her MRS degree at college. Those boys whom she meets, likes, and wishes to date never hear about any suitors in Hometown, U.S.A. This category includes fraternity members, football players, members of rock groups, and sons of men with an estimated net worth calculated in six figures. The only ones who do hear the Four Fatal Words are the culls and rejects. These include art majors, guys with bad skin, men whose height is less than 5 feet 7 inches, and anyone not covered in the first category. Thus, by discriminating use of the boy-

back-home, she can screen the men with whom she associates.

Statistically speaking, the odds are that I will get a girlfriend soon. First of all, there are more women than men here in J'ville. Secondly, there is the turnover factor. As I said, I just broke up with my girlfriend. When she finds a new boyfriend, his ex-girlfriend will then find a new boyfriend, who will etc., *ad infinitum*. Thus, sooner or later, someone will break up with a girl who might find me acceptable.

When I finally do get a girlfriend, watch out. Some night I'll be at Drayton's dancing with a near stranger. I'll walk her to her car and passionately kiss her good-night. The next day, she'll see a friend of mine and say, "Gosh, I really thought Stacy was cute. Think he'll ask me out?" Then comes the kick. My friend, with a pained expression, will shake his head and say, "Stacy? No, he's got a girlfriend ..."

DEAR JOHN...

I once received a letter from a girl who casually men-

tioned that we should date other people. This was upsetting to me, especially since we were engaged to be married at the time. Yet, I didn't phone her (long distance) and tell her that I was heartbroken. No! I wrote a letter in which I wondered why I had gotten no letter from her recently. Was it, perhaps, that she wanted to date others? I doubted it, I said, since she knew that no one ever loved her as much as I did. More likely, I offered, her letter had been lost in the mail. Surprisingly, it worked. She wrote back quickly, signing herself as "the future Mrs. McCain". Alas, it never happened.

Suppose that you do receive a "Dear John" letter. No need to worry. Simply write a farewell letter. "Yes, Anna," you write, "it was inevitable that our love would not last. People change. As I pursue my B.S. in Banking, I will miss your letters. Yet I understand that your love with Freddy, the bag-boy at Warehouse Groceries, is greater than our love ever was. If you ever need a loan, please let me know."

Bingo

By SUSAN KINGHORN

"Bingo! Bingo! Full House! I've won, I've won. . .Haa. . .Haa!" yelled Mr. Hey bouncing up and down on his chair like a monkey on a spring.

"Here, let me check your card, Sir," said the Caller as he stepped forward.

It was Bingo night onboard the S. S. Tasmania Star. Following supper, the passengers, twelve of them in all, had migrated to the wood-panelled lounge; chairs had been shifted into a haphazard circle; and now they sat, sipping gin and staring at their cards, while the Purser drew plastic bricks from a hat and called out numbers.

Mr. Hey who had won the round now pocketed the one pound prize money with a self-satisfied grin. His face turned redder than usual, clashing with the orange color of his moustache and his slicked-down crop of hair. He swilled another mouthful of whiskey and I giggled, knowing that very shortly, he would have to leave the room. Mr. Hey always ate at our table in the Officers' Saloon and we never got through a meal without his jumping up at least twice. My brother John would smirk and kick me under the table but Mother said it was cruel to laugh because Mr. Hey had a weak bladder.

Most of the passengers had something wrong with them because they were all so old. They were all rich, too—especially Joyce Millward. She had three homes and a huge metallic-blue Daimler. Being the Captain's children, my brother and I were obliged to be polite to the passengers, but John was always particularly nice to Mrs. Millward; I think he hoped that she'd leave him the car in her will!

"Bring me a gin and tonic please, Bimbo darling," she said, idly tapping ash off the cigarette she was smoking through a gold-plated holder. Bimbo minced away, silver tray in hand, leaving a wake of cheap smelling cologne and hair oil. From the bar next door, wafted the sounds of Tea-Bags, the second steward, playing "Spanish Eyes" on his harmonica. Everyone exchanged cards for another round

'Bring me a gin and tonic please, Bimbo darling'...

of the game. I was tucked demurely into a corner, sipping my ginger ale and dreaming of nine P.M. when Bimbo would conjure up a tray of tiny triangular sandwiches spread with pate and salmon. Nobody was every hungry at that time of night so, as usual, I would wait until the tray was removed and then walk by the pantry to finish them off.

Suddenly there was a whoop of glee: "OH! Today I saw a whale! I did, I saw a white whale!" Mrs. Hey had been spared the tedious all-knowing quality of her husband, but had instead been gifted with a capacity for enthusiasm far above the normal. Whenever we sighted a piece of land she would spring out on deck with her binocuoulers and coo passionately. At night I had spied her holding onto the railings and doing ballet exercises to little hummed tunes. Her real love, however, was observing the creatures of the murky deep, and my brother would taunt her at breakfast

by asking "Did you see the dolphins this morning?" He often made-up dolphins just to hear her hoot, "Ohhh Nooo!" as though her dog had died or something.

Bimbo brought Mrs. Millward's drink and she smiled graciously, rearranging her pearls. She stretched luxuriously in the chair and put her finger-tips to the back of her wadge of grey hair, gently pushing it upwards. This was a gesture she made frequently, and it always looked as if she was shoving a wig forward to prevent it from slipping off.

Dorothy Hill really did wear a wig—it was dark auburn and tightly curled. Bimbo said she had several of them in her cabin. I liked Miss Hill very much. She drank neat brandy and wheezed when she laughed. Her finger nails were almost an inch long and coated with coral-colored lacquer. One day she split one of them but she stuck it back on with a Band-Aid and painted over the top. Miss Hill was a famous writer, and when I'd been introduced to her she'd said: "I'm Dorothy Hill. . .THE Dorothy Hill. . .Call me

'The night we played Bingo, Miss Hill was in purple'

Dorothy." The night we played Bingo, Miss Hill was in purple. She was seated beside Mr. Perkins who, for some reason, everyone called Holy-Joe. Holy Joe had a face like a leather punching-bag with all the wind sucked out. He wore a black beret perched above his ears and he hoarded the best deck golf clubs. I know this, because the day his cabin flooded out, and all his suitcases floated around, we had to go in and help to mop up the water—and I saw them in his closet.

My brother was sitting with Joyce Millward and they were sharing a Bingo card.

"All the nines, ninety nine. . .Walking stick, number seven. . .Two fat ladies, eighty eight. . . ."the numbers droned on. The room was full of smoke and my eyes began to sting.

"Bingo!" called Mrs. Hey, and Mr. Hey dashed to the bathroom. There was a pause while drinks were refreshed and new money thrown into the kitty.

"Give us a tune, Katy," yelled Holy Joe. I winced. This was the part I loathed most, but like an obedient dog, I walked to the piano. Plunking myself down I began to play an expressionless Minuet. Nobody bothered to listen but when it was over they all clapped and said how charming I was.

"Dear child, dear child," simpered Mrs. Millward, patting me on the head as I passed her chair.

"OK Ladies and Gentlemen, last round comin' up with five pounds for the lucky winner," shouted the Purser.

"Eyes down. . .here we go. . .two little ducks, twenty two. . .On its own, number one. . .six five, sixty five. . .Nine two, ninety two. . ."

"One little duck, number two. . ."
Eyes dropped and there was a sound of ice clinking in

whiskey glasses. Mr. Hey was on a lucky streak—"On its own, number three. . ."
"Yea!"
"All the fours, forty four. . ."
"YEA!"

'Mr. Hey was on a lucky streak'

His gloating got louder until. . .
"Only one to go!"
"Doctor's orders, number nine," said the Purser.
"That's it—BINGO! BINGO!" yelled Mr. Hey.

There were shouts of "Congratulations," "Well Done," and "Jolly good show," and Mr. Hey was raising his glass in self-applause.

I looked at Mrs. Millward but she was not joining in the fun. Her head was tilted back, strangely, and her eyes were closed. I thought she must have fallen asleep, then suddenly I noticed a trickle of water running from the chair to the floor where a yellow puddle was starting to spread out on the linoleum. Mrs. Millward had wet herself! I began to laugh. She seemed to be dreaming because her left cheek was twitching and her shoulder was jerking the way a dog looks when he's having a nightmare. Her face had gone all flushed and red, too.

As I was staring at her, John swivelled round in his seat and when he saw Mrs. Millward his eyes widened and he turned pale. I thought he was just being dramatic because he was two years older than me and always pretended to KNOW about things. John poked Mrs. Hey to attract her attention and as she looked round she let out a shriek—

"Oooohhh Lawd! HENRY, Henry dear—LOOK! Purser. . .PURSER! EVERYBODY DOOO something, quickly. . . Something frightful's happened to Joyce!"

There was instant chaos as everyone rushed to help, pushing away chairs and spilling drinks.

"Doctor! Fetch the doctor," yelled somebody as Bimbo scurried off to find the aging ship's physician who was probably sitting, six drinks gone in the Officer's Bar.

"Keep back everybody, and try to calm down, please—Everything's alright so don't worry," soothed the Purser.
"It looks like a stroke to me," said Holy Joe, causing all the ladies to gasp and moan in a horrified chorus.

"Let's carry her up to her cabin and get her laid down. Someone notify the Captain, please." Mr. Hey and Tea-Bags and one of the Cadets lifted Mrs. Millward from her wet seat and carted her out of the lounge. She was simpering quietly and her face seemed to have gone all stiff.
"Try to keep her straight, and don't shake her about too much," called the Purser to their backs.

"Maybe you'll get her Daimler now," I whispered in John's ear.
"Shut up!" he yelled, punching me, and as he turned to leave the room I saw that he was crying.

A time of darkness

By EVA GUY

December, 1941. While the United States slept, the opaque enemy crept across the battle-torn Pacific sending America's prized 7th fleet to a watery grave.

After the bombing of Pearl Harbor, security was tightened, especially in cities having defense plants. Travel was limited to routine needs such as work, school, church and the market place. An apprehensive people waited and listened and prayed that the scream of bombs in the night would never come.

Civil defense workers combed the streets at night while searchlights streaked across the charcoal sky, their beams criss-crossing each other's paths.

The wardens, in black uniforms and black helmets, blended with the night like fog spread over a moor; only a small white triangle in front of the warden's helmet set them apart.

Lights in the city of Buffalo were snuffed out at ten o'clock; traffic disappeared as if by magic, and people went to bed in regimented fashion. Each night was the same as the one before; not even the flicker of a candle could be seen—it was as if we didn't exist.

I accepted the presence of the warden outside without question. I was young, a child of four. I spent hours, hands cupped under my chin, elbows resting in the soft pits they had made in the feather pillow. I watched him appear and disappear, known only by an occasional glint of light as the moon glanced off his helmet. He was as timely as a syn-copated clock.

One cold crisp night, I listened to the sound of ice and snow crunching systematically under the feet of the warden as he patrolled our street. I was restless and Mother Nature needed a break. The house was big and dark like the world outside and I was reluctant to move from the bed. Trying hard not to awaken my sleeping sister, I eased my naked feet onto the icy floor. I crossed the room with outstretched hands, groping for the light cord of the lamp on my dresser. I pulled it. Light bounded across the room and into the hall. Instantly a voice shattered the silent night. "This is a black-out! You! Up there! Get that light out, this is a black-out!"

I was frightened and confused. My mother, awakened by the shouting and the light which penetrated the darkness, hurried past me to the light source and returned to comfort a bewildered little girl in the hallway.

But what could she say—how could she explain the rationale of war to the innocence of youth?

Dew on my fig tree

By PEGGY MOORE

Dwelt safely, every man under his vine
and under his fig tree

It glows, gleams, glistens! See it glint!
A penultimate bit of pleasure heaven-sent.
Oh, Diamond, shimmering on your precarious perch,
What if I give your leaf a sudden lurch?
Slug trails!

You cannot last forever
Like spring, ice cream, and snow.
Even now you shatter
and patter
on the figs
below.



3-D Design by Tim Kenum

After Johnson, Uline, and Richards

By PEGGY MOORE

Assailing my ears, my eyes, my being
With your zest for life,
You stumble into my class on feet
Uncertain of their limits.
Sizing me up with your secret hand signals, we meet.

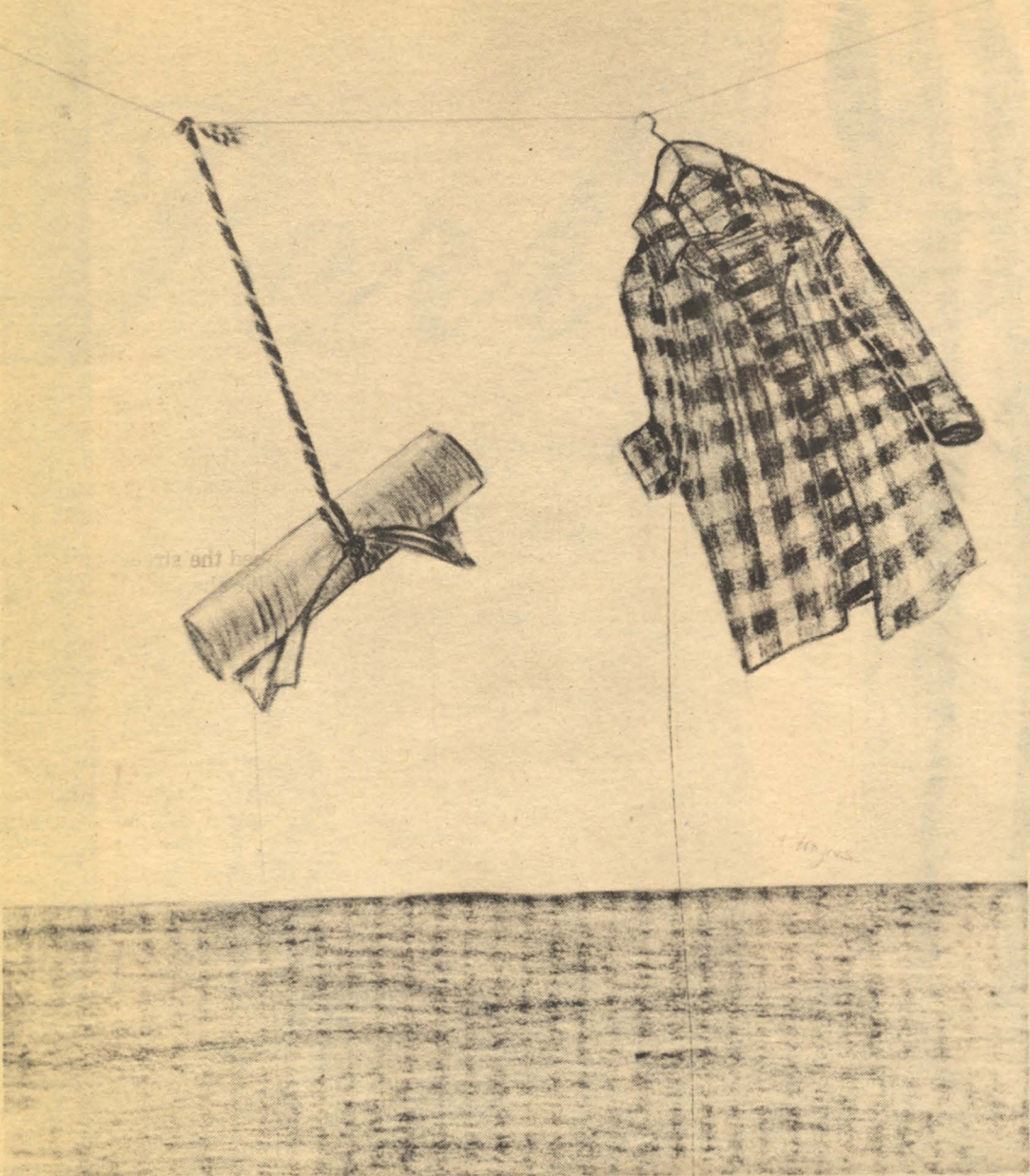
Little Harpst Home⁺ Beauty,
White faced, shy,
The dark pain behind
Benighted blue orbs
I may only guess.

Tall Thin Black,
And proud of it!
Your father's gone north, but
Mother paid dear for those Nikes!
Your warranty of worth!
Now, it's jeans too old
And shirts too short,
But you'll show us all
When you're a star!

Ah, and there you are
Just as I knew you'd be
Surrounded by surrogates!
You wear a declaration, too,
Of Daddy's money!
They try, but you've got it!
Dolce Far Niente!

Thirty-two others whose stories I'll learn.
The bright, the funny, the painfully shy,
The proud, the belligerent, the lost-in-a-fog,
The friendly, the cold, we'll meet toe-to-toe,
And inspite of myself, I'll love you!
Hang onto your seats!
Have I got a message for you!
Welcome to the wonderful world of ninth grade English!

+Harpst Home is a Methodist orphanage.



Drawing by Patti Haynes

I did not write today

By JON HUGHES

I did not write today
The day now past-away
And tick-tick trappings follow me
To shout the time
Absence of a rhyme
And brightnesses that swallow me

I did not sing today
The piper would not play
The sweet tooth sonnets I suppressed
The happy tunes
The clear and carefree croons
The notes now laid to rest

I did not live today
I think it safe to say,
Existence is an awful fate
I could have trilled
With word - great volumes filled
And now it's much too late--

On the far side

By JEFFREY W. STEWARD

She's looking for a place where
No one who looks will ever find her;
A curtain to hide herself behind,
A backdrop to fade away into;
On the far side
Of the lens.

She's discovering that the right people
Never stop discovering her;
And all her moods and all her faces
Are on all the pages captured;
On the far side
Of the lens.

She's feeling dead and cold
But she's not dead not yet;
Her hands are gray and trembling,
She hides them in a bouquet;
On the far side
Of the lens.

She's hearing the healing voices
Of TM, est, Freud and Kirshna;
But the mess in her head gets messier,
The frown barely makes a smile;
On the far side
Of the lens.

And the tears we take for joy
The wet weary eyes that make us sigh
Mist the glass and blur what lies
On this side
Of the lens.

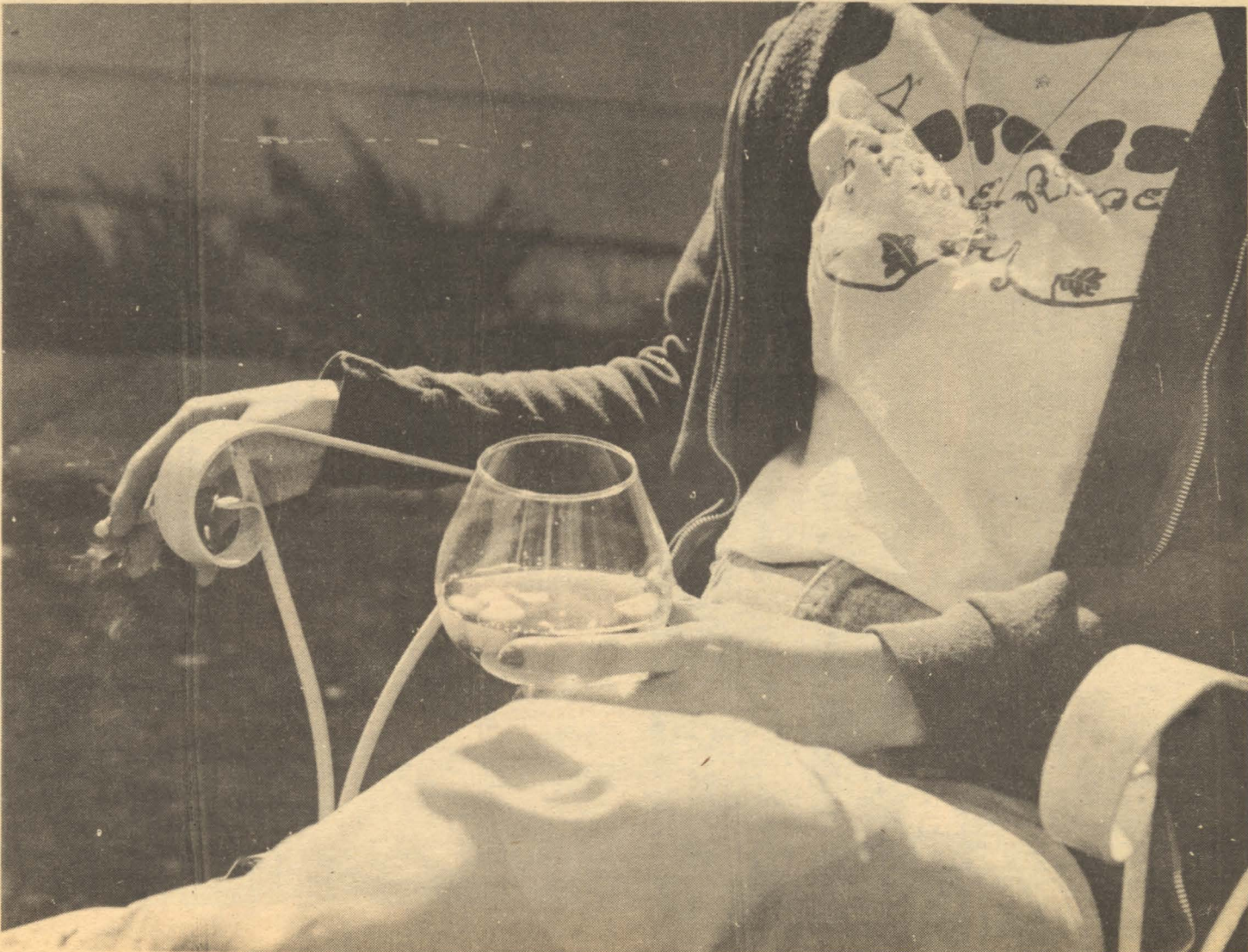


Photo by Lisa Perry

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1 2486 0063 3765 0



Etching by Joyce Nicholson